Wichita Eagle

A HUMAN FIRE ALARM.

Highly Probable Story Told by a Western Man.

"I read the other day," said a western man to a Sun reporter, "a story about a man with a powerful voice, William Flicker, a circus canvasman. Remember it? Well, I knew a man once who had a voice a great deal louder than Bill Flicker's. This man's name was Rufus Glidby; he was a blacksmith.

"Rufus lived in a western town that was small but growing rapidly, and in which the citizens were divided on the question of public improvement. One party wanted to go ahead, the other to economize. One party, for instance, thought that the town ought to have a fire-alarm telegraph. The other party said: 'Why spend money for that when Rufus Glidby lives in this town?'

"There was an idea in that, and the authorities laid out the town in districts, which they numbered just as they would have numbered fire-alarm boxes. Then they went to Rufus, who was both a modest man and obliging citizen. The plan was very simple. Suppose there was a fire in the district numbered 24. The citizen who discovered it would run to Mr. Glidby's blacksmith shop and say 'twenty-four' to him. Rufus would set down on the floor the hoof of the horse that he was shoeing, and step out into the street and say 'twenty-four' two or three times. His voice was so loud that it could be heard by everybody, and when the firemen heard it they would run to the fire.

"This worked pretty well for awhile and then something happened. For a long time there had been no fire in the town and then there was a big one. The man who rushed to Rufus Glidby's blacksmith shop to get Mr. Glidby to give the alarm found the blacksmith shop closed. The modest and steady-going Mr. Glidby, who lived next door to his shop, and who was always sure to be found in one place or the other, had for the first time in years taken a day off. There was nothing to do but notify the firemen individually, and this was done, but meanwhile the fire had gained such headway that before they put it out it had burned up half the town.

"After that there was no opposition to the introduction of a fire-alarm telegraph system. Even those who had before been most strenuously opposed to it were now in favor of it, for they realized fully the serious nature of the flaw now discovered in the old method, and, as one of them said, seeking further justification for the abandonment of his previous position: 'Even if Rufus never went away from home, suppose he should take cold and get hoarse.'"—N. Y. Sun.

A WILD BEAST CARAVAN.

The Journey of Some of the Animals Seen in Our Menageries.

Few of those people who go to a menagerie realize what an immense undertaking it is to transport wild beasts from the land of their birth and of their freedom to the land of their imprisonment, and, too frequently, of their death. I will ask my readers to picture for themselves an African desert blazing beneath a burning sun. Across the weary waste of sand a long column of men and animals is wending its slow way. As it draws nearer we see that it is a caravan of wild animals on their way from the interior to the seaboard. And as it passes us, the vast mass of living creatures, as in a chemical process, slowly dissolves itself into distinct particles and individualities. Let us regard them carefully. In the first place we notice a procession of fourteen stately giraffes, then come five elephants, a huge rhinoceros, four wild buffaloes bellowing sadly after the mates they have forever left behind. Then there go lumbering by a number of enormous carts or wagons, in which are safely confined thirty hyenas, five leopards, six lions, two cheetahs, sixteen antelopes, two lynxes, one serval, one wardbob, twenty smaller carnivorous animals, four African ant-eaters and forty-five monkeys. And then there come slowly prancing by, wary, restless, cunning, twenty-six ostriches. There are twenty boxes of birds, from which sounds of shrill screaming are constantly proceeding. There are upward of a hundred Abyssinian goats scattered here and there in the procession. These are to give milk for the young animals, and to serve as food and meat for the old. The caravan is on its way through the desert to Saukim, which is the first shipping place for Europe. There are no less than one hundred and twenty camels in it, which are required to carry the food for this caravan, and there are upwards of one hundred and sixty drivers in the procession. It takes the caravan upwards of thirty-six days to cover the distance which lies between Cassala in the interior of Nubia and the port of Suakim, for which they are bound. The same journey is usually performed by quick post camels in twelve days.—McClure's Magazine.

—Boots are supposed to have been the invention of the Carians. They were mentioned by Homer, 907 B. C. Greek women possessed twenty-two kinds of footgear, which may be classed as those which cover all the foot up to the ankle and those which simply tied on the top of the foot with wide ribbons and straps. The practice of shoe and sandal wearing can be traced back for some thousands of years and is probably of eastern origin. Frequent mention is made of the shoe in the Bible from the book of Exodus to the Acts and there is mention made of a shoe latchet as early as the time of Abraham.

A DISRAELI COMES.

The Primrose Premier's Nephew Will Voyage to Chicago.

Career of a Pampered Youth—In Parliament One Time and in a Boudoir at Another—A Wealthy and Cultured Young Englishman.

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Another Englishman whom Americans will be interested in is soon to visit this country for the purpose of seeing the world's fair. This visitor is none other than the nephew of the earl of Beaconsfield, whom many Americans have met in London.

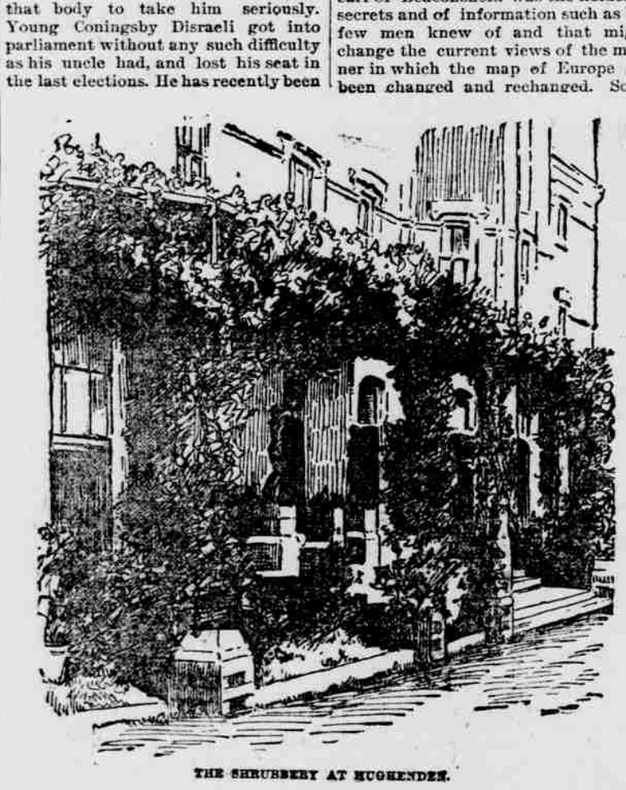
And a very much sought and flattered and envied young man is this Coningsby Ralph Disraeli. He was the favor-

CONINGSBY RALPH DISRAELI.

ite while the old earl lived. The cause of his popularity lies in the fact that young Disraeli has at last come into his own, and may now enjoy as he will the beautiful and historic estate bequeathed to him by his famous uncle. He has just become absolute master of Hughenden Manor, than which there is scarcely any finer place in all England, or one with more historic associations.

A stately, castle-like mansion is Hughenden, fringed about with cedars of Lebanon, and elms and oaks, and it is not strange that its young master should be regarded as a fortunate man.

In himself young Disraeli is an interesting type; like, and yet unlike, his great-uncle. Something over twenty-six years of age, he has not—as did his uncle when even younger—made any especial literary stir. Disraeli published "Vivian Grey" when he was but twenty-three years old, and at once jumped into fame as a writer. But he was thirty-two before he achieved a seat in the house of commons, and considerably older before he could get that body to take him seriously. Young Coningsby Disraeli got into parliament without any such difficulty as his uncle had, and lost his seat in the last elections. He has recently been



THE SHRUBBERY AT HUGHENDEN.

made deputy lieutenant of the county of Buckingham in which Hughenden is, and great things are expected of him in the future.

As yet he has not justified these expectations. Of literary tastes and ambitions, he has not shown what powers are his. With everything in his favor, he has not evinced any special skill of strength in politics, although he admits to having a taste for political life. But those who know him say that he has brains as all of the Disraeli's have had. It may be that the fact that he was under the control of guardians until now has had something to do with keeping him back, for Lord Beaconsfield's will ordered that his nephew should not have control of the estate, now his, until he had reached his present age.

A very well set up, handsome and affable young man is Coningsby Disraeli, hence very popular with his neighbors and tenants. Very swagger he is, too, in his manner of dress—though not, as his uncle was in his younger days, partial to oiled ringlets, bottle green coats, fancy patterned pantaloons and a loud display of jewelry.

Rather tall and well built, young Disraeli has a well-shaped head, the forehead high and broad. The face is decidedly a strong one, the nose having a slight Hebraic cast. A small mustache partly covers a firm mouth and the chin is strong—without being too heavy. Not a remarkable face, taken all in all, but a good one.

"I like your American newspapers," he said, when I saw him in White's club, "and your reporters. They did not bother me when I was in America, but I heard them at work upon more important men, and they struck me as being a jolly, brainy lot of fellows.

"Do you know, I think a young man has much more chance to get ahead in America than in England. You see, in America the old men put the young men on the back and tell them to go in and win. Here with us a young man is told to go sit in a corner, bite his thumb and watch his elders until he comes to years of discretion. It has the effect of discouraging all originality in a young man."

Mr. Disraeli has followed in his uncle's footsteps in that he is a conservative in politics.

"I am a strong believer in the conservatism of the people," he said, "and I am at the same time a believer in keeping up with the times. The conservative party advances as the times advance, but it does not aim at revolution as the other party does. We are the real party of reform, in fact.

"I believe I've said those things before," said Mr. Disraeli, with a laugh, "for I've been making political speeches for some six years. I don't suppose your American newspapers have printed any of these speeches, and perhaps it's as well for my reputation in America that they did not."

"You intend to stay in politics, Mr. Disraeli?"

"Well, yes, so far as my people will let me. I like politics. Just now the other side is at the bat, you know, and I'm among the 'outs.' But I imagine that will change before long."

"Do you think a young man's chances are as good in politics now as when your uncle began his career?"

"The chances are the same, but the opportunities are not. It is hard now to get your seat and harder still to retain it. Most hard of all is it to make headway in a house made up of six hundred members drawn from every element. Further than this the work of parliament is now done by about one hundred members and the rest are merely dumb figures. It is hard for a new and unpracticed man to make any headway. He must earn a reputation outside the house as an orator before he can command the ear of the house. Men no longer jump into fame in the house of commons, as they once did, by a single speech."

In the course of his talk Mr. Disraeli touched upon the problem that is so constantly disturbing England, the labor question, and here again his conservatism cropped out.

"The strike leaders are simply cutting their own throats," he said, "and pretty soon the workingmen will see this. John Burns with his blatant tongue, and Keir Hardie posing in the house of commons in a costermonger's suit are not the men who are going to bring about the workingman's millennium. Your workingmen in America are ahead of our people in this respect. They insist that their leader shall wear clean linen and observe those ordinary rules that obtain among gentlemen. Our workingmen will reach the same policy after a little time."

Mr. Disraeli made one statement that will be of more than ordinary interest. He says that he still has papers of his uncle that the public has not known of and that are of importance. It is his intention to publish them in the near future and they will make very interesting reading when he does. The earl of Beaconsfield was the holder of secrets and of information such as but few men knew of and that might change the current views of the manner in which the map of Europe has been changed and rechanged. Some of these papers Mr. Disraeli will not publish, for they refer to living men and might give pain without doing anyone any good. There are some men who have climbed into fame at the coat tails of Gladstone and Disraeli and have been at times false to each of those great men who would find these papers that the earl left behind mighty interesting. But Mr. Disraeli will not make these public. The papers he will some day print are mainly of a reminiscent character and will hurt no one.

Just now Mr. Disraeli is arranging these papers and enjoying the splendid estate that is his. He loves the latter every whit as much as his uncle did, and it is in no way likely to suffer at his hands. Very tender indeed is his care for the old church in which the bones of his uncle lie near to those of the wife who helped him to his fame, and the primroses that grow about Hughenden are no more neglected than they were when Lord Beaconsfield himself was alive. FOSTER COATS.

—Horseback weddings, in which the bride and groom mounted on horseback run away from the attendants, who ride after them in hot haste, were formerly common in many countries, and may still be seen in Russia and parts of Tartary.

—The half-yearly reports of the English railroads for the first half of 1893 showed an increase in gross revenue of about ¾ of 1 per cent. and of working expenses of less than ¼ of 1 per cent. The increase in net revenue, therefore, amounts to £217,000. During the year, however, fixed charges increased about 1.2 per cent., which left available for dividends on common stock only about £100,000 more than was available in the first half of 1892. But common stock was increased £4,900,000, or about 3.4 per cent. and the dividends were decreased slightly, for the half year they were at the rate of 3 13-16 per cent. per annum as compared with 3⅝ per cent. in the first half of 1892. This is the lowest rate of dividend paid since 1887, when it was 3¼ per cent.—N. Y. Railroad Gazette.

A USE FOR CHINAMEN.

Work That White Men Cannot Be Hired to Do.

Here Is a Proposition Which Might Furnish a Partial Solution of the Perplexing Chinese Problem.

Some days ago the Portland Oregonian said: "If we had at this moment forty thousand more Chinese in the Pacific in the northwest to do the work which white men will not do, and which yet is necessary for development of the country, the result would be good for everybody." A correspondent writes that "he would like to be informed what the nature of that work is," and the Oregonian thus responds:

The occupation in which Chinese labor would mainly be useful is that of clearing our heavily timbered lands. This is labor which white men will not or do not to any extent perform. Thus far nearly all the work of clearing our lands has been performed by Chinese. But it has come to a stop. Since Chinese immigration was suspended it has become impossible to get labor for this purpose. Higher wages are demanded by Chinese, and no owner of timber land can afford to hire it cleared. It is easy, of course, to assert that there are plenty of white men ready to perform labor of this kind and to denounce the owners of the land for employing them, but there is a test of this matter that may be very simply made. There are immense areas of this land yet open for settlement. Government will give them away to all citizens who apply. But our workingmen refuse to take these lands and subdue them. They wouldn't clear the lands for the gift of them, doubtless because they think they can do better, and many of them may be right.

Here then is a line of work in which Chinese would not be in the way of white labor, and there is nothing more necessary for development of the country than the clearing of large bodies of these lands. The work is now practically at a stand. Again, Chinese labor would be useful in market gardening and fruit growing. Oregon and Washington do not grow vegetables enough by one-half for their own consumption. What we have in the way of market gardening now is largely the work of Chinese. Facts like these are facts in spite of all declamation.

As a people the Chinese are not a desirable class, since they are unfit for incorporation into the citizenship of the country, but in every respect they are far less objectionable and dangerous than tens of thousands from European countries who are admitted without question every year—anarchists; agitators, beggars, mountebanks and criminals of every degree. The country can do without Chinese, of course, but much work that would contribute to its development will remain undone. There is no probability that Chinese will ever be freely admitted again, and this, too, in all the circumstances is well, since the presence of an inferior race among superior beings like ourselves is always a source of discontent which political agitators continually inflame. In all circumstances, therefore, exclusion of the Chinese is advisable, or even necessary, but still a word now and then on certain phases of the subject, dictated by candor and common sense, may not be intolerable.

Advantage of Left-Hand Writing.

The number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the fact of being ambidextrous is not appreciated at its full worth. Sir Edwin Arnold stated that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands; and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the mikado. There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as the writer's cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the typewriter; but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the act of writing with either hand, and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue. It is quite easy for a child to learn to write with the left hand, and, although after the muscles have got set with age it is more difficult, almost any man can learn to write with his left hand in a week, and to write as well with one hand as the other in less than a year.

The Indian Was "Heeled."

Quinnemore, formerly chief of the Cœur d'Alene Indians, has a fine farm of one hundred and sixty-seven acres on the south side of Spokane river, about a dozen miles above Spokane, Wash., and the other day the tax gatherer thought it would be a very proper and desirable thing to tax it a good round sum. So he came smilingly with his bill. But Quinnemore was prepared for him, even on such an unexpected mission. He brought forth a paper which in part read thus: "This patent is issued upon the express condition that the title thereby conveyed shall not be subject to taxation of any character, but shall remain inalienable and not subject to taxation for the period of twenty years from the date thereof, as approved January 18, 1881." The assessor apologized and withdrew, not smiling.

—Prince Bismarck says that when we read a medical book we are likely to conclude we have all the maladies it describes. But when we read a book on morals we seem to think it is our neighbor who has all the maladies it describes.

—The wounds made by a friend are the ones that smart the most.—Ram's Horn.

—When a man gets into a peck of trouble he is quite content to hide his light under a bushel.—Boston Courier.

—I Told You So.—Will—"What is Tomson's political persuasion?" Bill—"It is impossible to tell until after election."—Yankee Blade.

—Many a young man has a great future ahead of him. The great difficulty is that it persists in keeping there.—Washington Star.

DECEIVED BY HIS CAUTION.

A Counterfeit Package Mistaken by Its Owner for One That Contained Money.

I arrived here just before the first bank suspension, says a Denver correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and one of the first calls I made was on a merchant whose nervousness made it painful to do business with him, no matter how large a bill could be sold to him. On this particular occasion he seemed afflicted with an excessively severe attack of his chronic complaint, and he told me he was too much worried about finance to talk about giving orders.

After awhile he became communicative and told me he had succeeded in withdrawing from the bank that day rather over four thousand dollars, which he had put away in a strong box in an actually burglar-proof vault, into which thieves could not possibly break through and steal. He proceeded to tell me in addition that he had made up a dummy package representing, and indeed counterfeiting, the package of currency, which he had carefully labeled with the actual contents of the valuable roll. The dummy package, he explained, was in the back of his ordinary cash drawer, which he showed me. His explanation of this peculiar precaution was that as he had been seen by several people who had helped start the run on the bank he was afraid his place might be burglarized, and that if it was the dummy package would undoubtedly be taken without being opened and examined, and the thief would hurry away without searching for further booty.

I smoked a good cigar with the merchant and tried to convince him that his bank was all right and that he had taken a great deal of unnecessary trouble. Late in the same day, however, the bank had to suspend, and when I saw my customer the next day he chuckled over the success of his precautionary measures. When I got him down to talking business he suddenly remembered he owed our house a few hundred dollars, and said if I would wait he would go to the vault and get the money. He came back in about ten minutes looking as though lightning had struck him. He carried in his hand what I presumed was his roll of bills, and when he threw it on the counter and rushed headlong to his cash drawer I began to doubt his sanity. But in a minute his peace of mind was restored and the explanation was obvious. He had made up the real and dummy packages so much alike that he had deceived himself and had placed a roll of brown paper in the vault, while the package containing over four thousand dollars had been lying loose in his cash drawer without any protection against fire or thieves. His remarks on his own blunder were abusive in the extreme.

A Pretty Picture.

Friend—Is your new man an artistic poser?

Photographer—Never saw his equal. A young lady from Chicago came in yesterday to have her picture taken, and what do you suppose he did? He sent out and got a hammock, swung it here in the gallery and photographed her in it.

"I have no doubt it made a pretty picture."

"Yes, sir-ree. Head close to the camera and feet way off in the distance."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Have you a good ear for music?" he inquired of the young man who is both matter-of-fact and absent-minded. "I don't know," was the reply; "I never tried to play on it."—Washington Star.

—As She Saw It.—He—"Isn't it lovely here? We couldn't have chosen a better place for our honeymoon than this." She—"No. I was just thinking if I ever had another I'd have it here."